THE ANGLEWORM.

'An Angleworm yawned and stretched himself out, Then sighed and drew himself in-

"Although I can render myself short and stout,
Then instantly quite long and thin,
This earthly existence I always have found
To be a most consummate bore;
There's nothing to do but make holes in 'And nothing, alas! to live for!"

"Tut, tut," said the Grub Worm, phleg-matic and slow, "Why look you so sad and sedate? Cheer up, little brother—you certainly That fishermen love you—for bait, Though some creatures lead a tumultuous

That may be, indeed, much more spicy, They pay up with headaches, and sor-rows and strife Unknown to the genus lumbrici.

"Sust think," said the Grub Worm, "how simply you're made— How uncomplicated you grew: The gard'ner may cut you in twain with his spade,
And instead of one worm, you are two!
Each portion strikes out in a different

And soon both are hardy and fat!
Where else will you find in a creature of

Such wonderful structure as that?"

Serenely contented the Angleworm then Resumed his old habits of thought, And never—no, never—grew weary again Of his gloomy terrestrial lot, Though a small onion bed and a cucumber His orbit of action defined, 'And life was a bore, pretty much as be-

He never thereafter repined. Brer Angleworm lived as an Angleworm

Was bound by no statutes or code—
'An idealist he, and the pious and good,
He dreamed of no better abode.
'And Death and the Grave had no terrors

This worm beneath human contempt, Compared with which we are as bright Compared with which we are a Seraphim,
From sin and pollution exempt.

Oh, Angleworm! Angleworm! Happy thy In Earth's tranquil breast to abide, Without a regret for the things you have

Impassive, whatever betide Neither envy nor hope, nor passion nor

Nor visions of happier states. An light with a smile or dim with a tear, He scorns both the Furies and Fates. 'And, bound to this poor little atom of

Earth
That floats in the Infinite Vast,
Man gropes about blindly, 'twixt anguish
and mirth,
And guesses and doubts to the last
May be, 'mongst the millions of glorious

That roll through the regions of God,
Are beings—of Jove and Apollo the peers,
To whom we are as Worms of the Clod!
—Punseutawney Spirit.

BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU When a Friend Deals With a Friend.

By Franklin Michael. #AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

ND you say the mortgage is twenty-fivehundred dollars, due March 1st." "And you can't get the money anywhere?"

"Nowhere; I've tried every place in town, even old Peddicord. Money is tighter now at the banks than at any won't let out a dollar except to old customers. So if you can't do this, Ral, my home is gone, that's all." "Hem! Just state that proposition

over again, Mac." "It's this: I'll transfer the title of the farm to you; you assume the mortgage and hold the place in your name; when the panic is over and I get straightened out, I'll take it back, pay you for what you've paid out and for your trouble besides. If I am never able to redeem it, the farm'll be yours for good; understand?"

"Yes; but Mac, you surely know that this is not a good business proposition."

"Yes, I know that well enough. It's a proposition I would make to no man living except Ralston Blair. The land would bring at least seventy-five dollars an acre if times were good; now it would not sell at all, and if the mortgage is foreclosed I'll get little or nothing for my money and work. Olive and I are both sick and discouraged, but if you can do this for us, we'll have one chance left to get on our feet again."

"Well, I don't kno- what to say. I must have time to think. My burdens are heavy enough now, as you know. At the same time I feel as though I must help you. I'll tell you, you drop in-say Thursday morningand I'll see what I can do for you."

The above is in substance the talk that took place between the Reverend Ralston Blair and Philip McClure one morning in February, 1895. The men had been intimate from boyhood. They graduated from school together, Blair at the head of the class, Mc-Clure near the foot. Blair was brilliant and popular in school; McClure was dull and reserved. Blair passed through college and entered the ministry; McClure went from school to the farm. Blair scored a success from the start; married a girl as ambitious as himself, and was at this time pastor of the most fashionable church in 'Ailsbury. McClure married pretty Olive Pinkney, bought an eighty-acre farm two miles out from Ailsbury and prospered until hard times, poor crops, low prices and sickness combined to reduce him to the extremity we have

The feeling that existed between the young men could not be called friendship; it was not reciprocal. On Mc-Clure's part it was genuine hero worship. He idolized Blair: he gloried in his successes, and, above all else, had absolute faith in him. Blair, on the they asked. other hand, accepted McClure's worship and encouraged it, because it satwhile incapable of deep feelings him- the session.-Chicago Post.

self, was yet able to play upon the INVENTOR OF PRINTING. heart strings of those about him.

But to resume our story. The outcome of the talk recorded above was that McClure's farm was legally transferred to Blair. McClure at once moved his wife and two babies to Ailsbury; took possession of a small cottage and found work in a brick-

yard. He was a good worker. The farm was rented, and three years passed without incident. But the souls of the McClures were wrung with anguish when they beheld the havoc wrought by careless renters on their little farm. The young orchard, their special pride, was trampled to death by horses and catttle; the lawn in front of the house was turned into a nursery for pigs and geese, and cockle-burs were fast taking the place of all other crops in the field. Still, the real owners of the land must suffer in silence; they had no right to protest.

During all this time Mr. Blair was very busy and the McClures could not complain if they saw but little of him. His success as a preacher was marked; his church was crowded at every service; lecture committees were most urgent in their demands upon him, and, as a fitting crown to all this, he had just accepted a call to a leading pulpit in the metropolis

The McClure family was as poor at the end of the three years as at the beginning, but they had saved enough money to pay all back interest on the mortgage. They could get time on the mortgage now because of improved business conditions; good health had come again, and, above all, they desired to put a stop to the ruin on the farm.

With this in mind, Philip called one morning upon Mr. Blair in his study. The minister listened to all his visitor had to say, nervously marking with a pencil the while on the tablet on his desk. When the story was finished he said without looking up:

"I see no necessity for opening up that subject at this late day, Mac." "But Ralston," reasoned McClure, 'I feel able to run the farm nicely now, and I thought that as you were going away soon, you'd not want to bother with it any longer, anyhow, Besides, you know I was to have it

back whenever I thought best." "No, sir," said Blair in great irritation, "I don't know anything of the kind. The deal between me and you was well understood. I was to hold your place or not, as I saw fit. I took it off your hands in good faith, to relieve you of a burden you were unable to near. So considering, I sold the

farm to Peddicord last week." Then a fearful thing occurred. Let those who have probed deep into the human soul and laid bare its inner workings, tell whether Philip Me Clure's action was prompted by the blind passion of the moment, by the thought of his loss, or by the shock caused by the sudden revelation of Blair's true character, or by all of these combined. What he did was to spring to his feet and with one murderous blow with a chair strike the minister to the floor and then run out

into the street. Before he had gone many steps the horror of what he had done rushed upon him, and he hurried back it the present time. We do not know of Uruguay. time since the panic started. They breathless haste to undo as far as pos sible the evil of his insane act. He found Blair lying just as he had fallen He was dead. The corner of the chair had struck him on the temple and crushed the skull.

What "Tundra" Is.

"One of the words that the people of the United States will hear a good many times this summer," said a member of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, "is 'tundra.' It is in the tundra or where it joins the beach that the easiest gold digging in the world is found at Cape Nome. The 'tundra,' as every one knows who has visited Alaskan coasts, is the low ground lying between the mountains and the beach. It is marshy and covered with grass and moss during the summer and it never thaws more than a couple of feet below the surface While everybody talks about the 'tundra' and knows what it is by sight, not one in a thousand or more knows where or what the word is from. 1 am free to confess I didn't know my self until an Eastern friend wrote out to Seattle making inquiries, and I began to make inquiries in Seattle. Not a man of all the miners and others I asked could answer any simple question until I found a Russian. He told me the word was Russian and meant low and marshy land. 'Tundra' differs from 'steppes' in this that 'tundra' is used to describe the low, flat and ordinarily valueless land between two streams and is common along the coasts of Siberia and on the American side of the Bering Straits, all of which is 'tundra.' 'Steppes' originally meant a sandy desert, but, by long custom, it has come to mean grassy plains as well. I don't know whether the word is in American dictionaries or not, for I haven't had time to look it up, but I know I hadn't heard it a dozen times in my life till the later gold discoveries in Alaska."

"Course of True Love."

"Mean!" exclaimed the young man. "Well, say! he's about the meanest ever. What do you think he did?"

Of course they gave it up. "Well, sir," he explained, "they have one of the nicest little secluded porches you ever saw, and Tessie and I used to sit over in the shadowest corner of ft nearly every evening."

"And he forbade it?" they suggested inquiringly. "Worse than that," he replied.

"How could it be worse than that?"

"He put a coat of luminous paint on it," he answered, and of course nothisfied the demand of a selfish nature. ing remained but to vote him the He was one of those mortals who, prize for the best hard luck story of

FIVE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF GUTENBERG.

He Was a Native of the Old Rhenish City of Mayence-A Patrician by Birth -Learned the Printing Trade and Revolutionized It With Movable Type.

Germany has just celebrated in a most fitting way the five hundredthanniversary of the birth of Johann Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, one of the most notable and characteristic of her sons. In the beautiful old Rhenish city of Mayence, the birthplace of the inventor, there was an exhibition of the best and the most curious which the printer's art has produced during the past five hundred years. There was an historical procession through the old streets in which the costumes of Gutenberg's time were reproduced. Hundreds of scholars and specialists in printing came from all parts of Germany to do honor to the great man's memory. There were festal excursions on the historic river and illuminations in the evenings-altogether a worthy and dignified celebration. No one can accuse the Germans of neglecting the memory of their great men.

It is impossible to state with accuracy the exact year of Gutenberg's birth, but there is strong reason for believing that he first saw the light some time near the close of the fourteenth century. His real name was Gensfleisch, Gatenberg being only his cognomen, probably the name of the place whence the family came. He belonged to a partrician family of Mayence, his father seems to have been a man of political importance, for we hear of him as involved in the turmoils which at that time were chronic between the Bishop Elector of Mayence and the guilds and burgh ers. With his family he was obliged to fly to Strassburg, and it was in the Alsatian city that Gutenberg learned the arts which he was afterward to turn to such good account. He devoted himself to goldsmith's work, to the manufacture of mirrors, and to experiments in iron, copper and lead. During Gutenberg's residence in Strassburg we get one or two curious glimpses of him, but nothing that is sufficient. He had a legal dispute with some citizens as to a certain plant in which he was interested, but of more human interest is a complaint made against him to the Bishop by a certain Anna of the Iron Gates for refusing to fulfill a pledge he had made to

marry her. This is all we know of Gutenberg until we again hear of him in Mayence, a man of matured middle age, probably fifty years old. Mayence at that time was a great ecclesiastical centre, and likely enough Gutenberg had returned to his paternal city to manufacture goldsmith's work for the Bishop Elector and his clergy. But he must have had other views as well. While in Strassburg he had his attention turned to the tedious processes involved in the printing of the Donati, as the elementary Latin grammars of the time were called. The letters were engraved on a large block of wood, much as our wood cuts are at Gutenberg's processes of thought, but the idea had evidently struck him that this cumbrous method of production would be vastly simplified if movable metal letters were employed instead of engraved blocks of wood. In Strassmolding these letters of various dethat when he returned to Mayence he brought with him a considerable sup-

ply of these movable types. Gutenberg was always a poor man, and evidently thriftless. So on his arrival in Mayence he made the acquaintance of a certain Johann Fust, a fifteenth century capitalist, who for a consideration was willing to set up the inventor as a printer in a properly equipped printing office. Gutenberg anxious to get work, accepted Fust's offer. But the business association of the two men was a failure. Gutenberg could pay neither capital nor interest, and Fust was compelled to cast about for a more business-like partner, whom he found in the celebrated Peter Schoffer. Poor Gutenberg was deprived of much of his best type, and had it not been for the merciful interposition of a wealthy burgher, who believed in him, he would have suffered complete commercial shipwreck. He never, however, was able to get his head above water, and after two or three years of painful struggle he gave up the contest against the powerful firm of Fust & Schoffer.

Toward the close of his life, probably broken down by cares and disappointments, he seems to have joined the confraternity of lay brothers of St. Victor and to have led an ascetic, prayerful life. His friends managed to procure for him a position as one of the Elector's Servitors, a nomination which secured for him a new suit of clothes every year, and a sufficiency of corn and wine for his necessities. Once a year he went to the Elector's castle at Eltville to obtain his suit of died an unnoticed man, and few of his townsmen followed him to his seded by some other pet." humble grave in the cloisters of the

Dominican monastery. It is to Gutenberg's association with time after its appearance in 1456 a brains than women.-London Granhie

forty-two-line Bible was sold in Mayence for forty gold guldens, equal to about \$70; and a few years ago in London a good copy reached the enormous price of \$1900. It is pleasant to remember that this old citizen of Mayence had felt the need of printing the Bible. It was this that spurred him on to his work, and we are grateful to him for the large share he has taken in enabling us now, five hundred years after his birth, to circulate this most glorious of all books in millions of copies in all the languages of the earth.-New York Independent.

A Grouse Cock Fight.

I had nearly lost hope of bagging a chicken and had turned a shoulder to the breeze, says Maurice Thompson in the Atlantic, when something whistled, or chirped, close behind me. At the same time wings fluttered, and upon turning, I saw a cock grouse not more than six feet from me. When he struck the ground he erected all of his feathers and looked at me wildly, I had twisted myself and was turned but half around. I saw that he was going to fly-I must shoot instantly or not at all. It was an awkward situation. Then a new feature was added. Flying like a bullet came another cock and struck the first, where upon the two tought like savages, tumbling on the grass, striking with their wings, pecking, kicking, chattering. Evidently they were bent upon killing each other if possible. I let drive an arrow at them and missed. Shot again and knocked one over. The other flew away in crazy haste. On my way back to camp I passed through a scrub-oak grove on a low, sandy ridge lying at right angles to the river, and in the midst of it found a pond literally swarming with ducks of different species. They must have sought the sheltered place to avoid the chill and worry of the wind. It was deep water and the birds kept well out from shore, so I did not shoot, as every arrow would have been lost.

A River's Curious Course. Unique in its kind is no doubt the Mocona waterfall in the South American republic of Uruguay, situated about two miles below the mouth of the Piperi Assu River into the Uruguay. A great rock divides the river into two separate streams in such a manner that the right arm continues its flow on the original level, while the second arm falls gradually, so that it finally lies twenty-two feet below the level of the other arm. The bed of the upper part of the river is not very deep, and the water flows partly in a right angle to the river, thus forming a waterfall of more than two miles in length.

This unique view presents itself to the traveler, however, only during the winter, for in the summer, and especially during the rainy season, the Uruguay contains such immense quantitles of water that both arms form one single stream, navigable even for the largest freight steamers. The fall has been known for centuries, and a description of it was published as early as 1691 by Rev. Antonius Sepp, a missionary from Tyrol, who spent over twenty years among the Indians

The Roar of a Battle.

The roar of the navy's four-pointseven's, their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers, and burg he had set himself the task of the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick-firing Maxims, which sounded grees of hardness, and it is evident like the clicking of many mowing machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concussion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath, and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared like a great hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air, and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish, and in peace.-Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's.

The Sparrow in a New Light.

An English writer, in a recent issue of the Lady's Pictorial, says: "De you know that the ordinary sparrow, when tamed, is a very affectionate creature, and a most lively and intelligent companion? A friend of ours tamed one, and it not only discriminated between the members of the family, loving some and disliking others, but actually had its own musical preferences, strange little bird! It hated Chopin, tolerated Liszt, ignored Beethoven, but enjoyed Mozart and Mendelssohn. What bird of high aristocratic lineage could you find who would show such critical faculties as this? Bullfinches, charming as is their mellow whistle, are such delicate birds as to be a constant care, and they are of so jealous clothes. He was over sixty when he a disposition that they have been known to pine and die when super-

The Brains of Women.

From scientific observations made Fust that we owe the celebrated Gut- all over the world it appears that womenberg Bibles. There were two of en's brains are invariably of less dithese, the first (1453-1456) with forty- mensions than those of men. Height two lines to the page, the second with and weight appear in nowise to affect thirty-six lines. Only thirty-one cop- this result. Men of less stature, men ies of the forty-two-line Bible are of equal weight with women, still own known to exist, some of them im- heavier and larger brains. The result perfect, and of the thirty-six-line, only is uniform in all countries, and with nine, more or less complete, copies. It all races. Whenever and wherever is not probable that the forty-two-line | measurements of brain have been at-Bible was printed in a larger edition | tempted the same thing is seen. Men than one hundred copies. A short have always nearly ten per cent. more

Singhalese Children.

The Singhalese children are said to be more beautiful than those of any other race on the four continents, and some of the little girls, even of the very lowest caste, are irresistibly pretty as they run before you in the streets to beg; they cry out in the sweetest and most plaintive of voices touching the stomachs to signify hunger in a way that would be awkward and vulgar in any other being, but in them it is so winsome that, before you know it, you sacrifice a rupee to the bad cause of encouraging them in begging-knowing quite well that all they want is a good opportunity to pick your pocket for more .- Outing.

Munster, Germany, has a high schoo which has been in existence 1, 100 years.

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The government of Greece is now more liberal with mining concessions, and as a result mines are being worked in the pro-vinces of Attica, Thessaly, Milo and Bocotia.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use Purnam Fadeless Dres. Sold by all druggists. The aging of timber, which formerly re

quired long storage, is now completed by electricity in a few hours. To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quining Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 250. It is estimated that the number of Germans and their descendants in the United States is fliteen million.

If you want "good digestion to wait upon your appetite" you should always chew a bar of Adams' Pepsin Lutti Frutti.

In 1870 there were 9,000 Shakers in the United States. At present they do not number more than 1,000.

Under British rule the cotton crop of Egypt has doubled, and now amounts to over 500, 000,290 pounds a year.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three y-ars ago.—Mas. Thos. Rob-bins, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900. The catalogue of the Paris Exhibition will contain the names of nearly 90,000 exhibitors

of all nations. FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great NerveRestorer. Strial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. A striped waistcoat worn by Robert Burns

was sold in London the other day for \$16. E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures everyone that takes it." Sold by Druggists,75c London newsboys are now prohibited from yelling forth the contents of their wares.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrupfor children teething, softens the gums, reducing indamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c, a bottle. Buenos Ayres has twenty excellent markets in the city.

Uncle Sam uses the best of everything. Uncle Sam uses Carter's Ink. He knows. In Kansas it is proposed to start a maga which shall be contributed to only by residents of Kansas.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50g. Fargo, N. D., with a population of less than 11,000, has 88 secret societies.

TO WOMEN WHO DOUBT.

Every Suffering Woman Should Read this Letter and be Convinced that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Cure Female Weakness.

"I have been troubled with female weakness in its worst form for about ten years. I had leucorrhœa and was so weak that I could not do my housework. I also had falling of the womb and inflammation of the womb and ovaries periods I suffered terribly. At times my

back would ache very hard. I could not lift anything or do any heavy work; wasnotable to stand on my feet. My husband spent hundredsofdollars for doctors but they did me no

good. Afteratime concluded to try your medicine and I can truly say it does all that you

claim for it to do. Ten bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and seven packages of Sanative Wash have made a new woman of me. I have had no womb trouble since taking the fifth bottle. I weigh more than I have in years; can do all my own housework, sleep well, have a good appetite and now feel that life is worth living. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel that it has saved my life and would not be without it for anything. I am always glad to recommend your medicine to all my sex, for I know if they follow your directions. they, will be cured."-MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON, South Hot Springs, Ark.

A Woman's Reason,

A lady who was very much fatigued with the responsibilities of her home and family, yielded to the insistence of a friend and went away from home for a rest of three days, but at the end of that time, being still earnestly solicited to stay, she telegraphed home: 'Is every one well?" Her husband promptly replied: "Yes, Why?" She was in a household where late hours were the rule, so she sat up till midnight, and then went to a telegraph station near-by, and sent this truly feminine message: "Because." It was 'collect" and it reached the gentleman at two a. m., and acted as a restraint upon future telegraphic witticisms on his part .- Youths' Companion.

Big Trade in Frozen Meats. New Zealand's frozen meat trade with Great Britain now equals about 18,000 sheep a day, or some 6,500,000 carcasses per annuam.



Lookin your mirror today. Take a last look at your gray hair. Itsurely may be the last if vou want it so; you needn'tkeep your gray

hair a week longer than you wish. There's 'no guesswork about this; it's sure every time.

To restore color tol gray hair use-

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is well fed, it cannot help but grow. It makes the scalp healthy and this cures the disease that causes

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Write the Dector. If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

You cannot do this unless you understand then and know how to eater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by dx-perience, so you must but the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

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